Telephone Case

(Continued from Page Seven.)

ing a bundle of different colored green yarns and laying them before Lonergan. Ed looked them carefully over and picked out one strand. "That's about it, colonel."

Cheney took the strand and placed it carefully in his pocketbook. "That's all, thank you, Ed, save that I wish you would send one of the men out to this address," handing Lonergan a card, "and ask Mr. Elliott to step in here on his way downtown tomorrow morning."

"Yes, sir," and Lonergan was gone. Cheney chuckled to himself. "By George, there's going to be one very much surprised lawyer before many days go by."

The next morning about nine Mr. James Elliott, a rising young electrical engineer, came in the colonel's office. Cheney was a great believer in young men and Elliott was one of his favorites.

"Morning, Jimmie," he said cheerfully; "smoke?"

"Thanks, colonel," replied Elliott, taking the proffered cigar. What's up that you want me? Have I been reported for doing something criminal?" This with a smile.

"No, Jimmie. I want to consult you about something serious." Then for 15 minutes they talked and when Elliott went out he was smiling heartily and he also had with him the green strand of yarn Cheney had placed in his pocketbook.

Several times during the next few days Cheney and Elliott met, generally at Elliot's office, and numerous experiments were tried. Both men were intensely interested in what they were doing. Finally one evening they seemed satisfied and agreed to meet the next day at ten at Cheney's office.

The colonel sent for Dr. Jensen to be there also. He came on time and was introduced to Mr. Elliott.

"The time has come, doctor, when we can round up your friend O'Brien. You will please go with Mr. Elliott here and be guided by what he says. When he has finished with you, come back here and we will complete arrangements for our conquest."

Dr. Jensen and Elliott left and about three-quarters of an hour later Jensen returned. A broad smile was on his face as he greeted Cheney.

"Great, colonel, great—if we can pull it off."

"Oh, we'll do that all right. O'Brien thinks he's playing the cinch, but his pipe will soon go out. You will write him a note tonight arranging for a meeting at his office at 5:30 tomorrow evening. It will be dark then and there will be no one present but you and O'Brien. The loan company people leave at five o'clock. The Irishman may suspect something and will be armed. All I want you to do is to get him to report his blackmailing proposition. I know a firm to which he owes about $2,000. I've got the account right here. After you have made him come out fair and square for the $15,000, tell him you have the money in the bank and offer him a check for it. He will of course refuse it. Then you can arrange to bring it around the next evening. That's all, Dr. Jensen."

"All right, colonel, I'll do my part."

The next day at noon Jensen 'phoned Cheney that O'Brien had communicated with him by 'phone and that he would meet Jensen at 5:45 instead of 5:30.

"Good," said Cheney; "so much the better. You will be fully protected." Elliott was notified and promised to do his share.

Dr. Jensen kept his appointment and what occurred during that interview can best be told by relating the following day's happenings:

At 9:30 in the morning Lonergan came in answer to a request.

"Morning, Ed," said Cheney. "Go over to O'Brien's office and tell him I want to meet him here at 11:30 o'clock this morning. Tell him it's about the McGarry claim and he'll come. If he won't come, bring him."

"He'll sure come, colonel," smiled Lonergan. He did come promptly at 11:30.

"Good morning, Mr. O'Brien. You and I have never met before, though of course I've heard of you. Sit down, won't you, please."

"Thank you, Col. Cheney," replied the lawyer. "Your man tells me you want to see me about the McGarry claim?"

"Yes, they say you owe them some $2,000 for goods delivered. (McGarry was a wholesale liquor dealer.) Before taking any action on claims of this kind I always try and effect a settlement amicably."

"Sure, Col. Cheney, there need be no trouble here. I do owe them $2,000, that's true, and it's past due. I got in pretty deep not long ago and have had hard luck since. But I will have the money to pay McGarry this afternoon about five. I'll bring the money in here tomorrow morning or you can send a man over after it."

"Well, that is good news, I'm sure." Cheney was smiling his premonitory trouble smile now. "Your ship's coming in today, eh, O'Brien?"

"Yes," replied the Irishman, laughing heartily. "I'm going to cut a melon this afternoon and it's a good one, colonel, it's a dandy."

"What's it's name?" asked Cheney. "Jensen?"

O'Brien's laugh froze on his face: his color faded to white. "Jensen?" he gasped, "Jensen?"

"Yes, Jensen, Dr. Philip Jensen. Is he the 'melon you are going to cut' this afternoon? Fifteen thousand, I believe, is the figure, O'Brien."

O'Brien was thunderstruck, but he had a ready and active wit. Jensen had probably told Cheney and now this clever detective was going to try and trap him. But he wouldn't be caught.

"I don't know what you mean, colonel," he replied, with a show of indignation.

"Oh, yes you do, O'Brien. You are to meet Dr. Philip Jensen at five this afternoon, when he is to pay you $15,000. In return you are to turn over to him a photograph and a negative—described in part in this letter—you recognize it, I see from your eyes."

"That's what Jensen has told you," said the Irishman, fighting hard.

"That's the bargain made last evening when at 5:45 Jensen met you in your office by appointment and I was a witness—I heard every word of the conversation."

The detective was trying to trap the lawyer, but the Celtic wit was too ready. If it was a trap, he wouldn't fall into it.

"By thunder, colonel, you're a good actor. Jensen was at my office last evening. Sure, I admit that. But you were not there. No one heard what was said.",

"You damned, sneaking blackguard," thundered Cheney, "I've a mind to thrash the hide off of you! Read that," and he threw a typewritten document on the table in front of the Irishman. O'Brien did read, and as the words slipped through his mind, he began to realize that this was a report verbatim ad seriatum of the conversation which took place between him and Dr. Philip Jensen the evening before. Of course Jensen may have had such a good memory that he could remember every word that was spoken. But Cheney said he was a witness, and his word on the stand in corroboration of a charge made by Dr. Jensen would be mighty convincing to a jury. But the Irishman wasn't beaten yet. The trump card would have to be played. Cheney saw it.

"Wait a minute, O'Brien. I'm going to give you the proof now. You're caught and you know it; but I'm going to show you how it was done. Just hold this to your ear a minute," handing him a gutta percha phone receiver, only smaller by half than those in general use. O'Brien did as he was

THE JUNGLE.

(Continued From Twelfth Page.)

men were turned out in the dead of winter, to live upon their savings if they had any, and otherwise to die. So many tens of thousands already in the city, homeless and begging for work, and now several thousand more added to them!

Jurgis walked home with his pittance of pay in his pocket, heartbroken, overwhelmed. One more bandage had been torn from his eyes, one more pitfall was revealed to him! Of what help was kindness and decency on the part of employers—when they could not keep a job for him,

told, wondering what was coming. Then Cheney touched a button, and O'Brien heard a voice say: "Good morning, O'Brien. Expecting any funds today?" It was Jensen's voice.

"Confound you," said O'Brien angrily.

"Just a moment, Mr. O'Brien. Dr. Jensen can't hear you. You see you only have a receiver, not a transmitter. Dr. Jensen has one in the other room. He'll bring it in presently, and you can see how you were trapped."

O'Brien began to feel clammy. This man's methods were a bit uncanny. This telephoning from seemingly nowhere wasn't pleasant. The idea was stealing over him that he was cornered. The door opened and in walked Dr. Jensen, followed by Jimmie Elliott. Dr. Jensen was garbed as usual, and in his hand he held his silk hat. Introductions were needless, and Cheney said:

"O'Brien, ever hear of a man talking through his hat? Sure you have. Well, you didn't exactly do that, but you did talk through Dr. Jensen's hat. Look here," and Cheney reached out and took Dr. Jensen's silk tile and held it so O'Brien could see the inside. Elliott grinned approvingly as Cheney went on: "You will see a perfect telephone transmitter concealed in the top of this hat. Now look at the outside. These four small airholes are right over the transmitter. Dr. Jensen held this hat in his left hand towards you. You talked right into it. A very slender copper wire ran from a plate held inside the doctor's hand under his coat sleeve down his back, out the left trouser leg and along the floor to the receiver you just held to your ear. Only it was a double receiver last night. I held one to my ear and a court stenographer held the other strapped around his head so that he could take down every word of the conversation. You still look incredulous. The wire? Oh, yes, the wire was on a reel in my hands, and I was in the first office when Dr. Jensen went to yours. We arranged the wire before he went in, and I unwound it as he walked away from me. Oh, I was in a closet when he came in. I arranged all that beforehand. The wire was wound with green silk the color of your carpet, and anyway the light precluded your seeing it. Just a moment ago you had a demonstration as to how this phone worked from the outer office. Jensen was there, and when I rang he said a few words to you. Now, Mr. O'Brien, what have you to say?"

O'Brien looked like the thoroughly beaten man he was. From one to the other he gazed. He was trapped, fairly and squarely. But the Irish in him was strong, he wouldn't squeal.

"There's notning to say, gentlemen. Save, perhaps, that the telephone is a damned clever invention."

"Well, Dr. Jensen, it's up to you, now," drawled Cheney.

Jensen looked hard at O'Brien. Perhaps a memory of the old days when they had been boon companions flitted before him. He pitied the man.

"Get out of this, O'Brien, and try, for God's sake, to lead an honest life. You've got a chance now. Take it."

O'Brien stood not on the order of going, but went. As he closed the door he muttered: "Great thing, that telephone!"

when there were more harvesting machines made than the world was able to buy! What a hellish mockery it was, anyway, that a man should slave to make harvesting machines for the country, only to be turned out to starve for doing his duty too well!

It took him two days to get over this heart-sickening disappointment. He did not drink anything, because Elzbieta got his money for safekeeping, and knew him too well to be in the least frightened by his angry demands. He stayed up in the garret, however, and sulked—what was the use of a man's hunting a job when it was taken from him before he had time to learn the work? But then, their money was going again, and little Antanas was hungry, and crying with the bitter cold of the garret. Also Madame Haupt, the midwife, was after him for some money. So he went out once more.

For another ten days he roamed the streets and alleys of the huge city, sick and hungry, begging for any work. He tried in stores and offices, in restaurants and hotels, along the docks and in the railroad yards, in warehouses and mills and factories where they made products that went to every corner of the world. There were often one or two chances—but there were always a hundred men for every chance, and his turn would not come. At night he crept into sheds and cellars and doorways—until there came a spell of belated winter weather, with a raging gale, and the thermometer five degrees below zero at sundown and falling all night. Then Jurgis fought like a wild beast to get into the big Harrison street police station, and slept down in a corridor, crowded with two other men upon a single step.

He had to fight often in these days—to fight for a place near the factory gates, and now and again with gangs on the street. He found, for instance, that the business of carrying satchels for railroad passengers was a preempted one—whenever he essayed it, eight or ten men and boys would fall upon him and force him to run for his life. They always had the policeman "squared," and so there was no use in expecting protection.

That Jurgis did not starve to death was due solely to the pittance the children brought him. And even this was never certain. For one thing the cold was almost more than the children could bear; and then they, too, were in perpetual peril from rivals who plundered and beat them. The law was against them, too—little Vilimas, who was really eleven, but did not look to be eight, was stopped on the streets by a severe old lady in spectacles, who told him that he was too young to be working and that if he did not stop selling papers she would send a truant officer after him. Also one night a strange man caught little Kotrina by the arm and tried to persuade her into a dark cellar way, an experience which filled her with such terror that she was hardly to be kept at work.

At last, on a Sunday, as there was no use looking for work, Jurgis went home by stealing rides on the cars. He found that they had been waiting for him for three days—there was a chance of a job for him.

It was quite a story. Little Juozapas, who was near crazy with hunger these days, had gone out on the street to beg for himself. Juozapas had only one leg, having been run over by a wagon when a child, but he had got himself a broomstick, which he put under his arm for a crutch. He had fallen in with some other children and found the way to Mike Scully's dump, which lay three or four blocks away. To this place there came every day many hundreds of wagon loads of garbage and trash from the lake front, where the rich people lived; and in the heaps the children raked for food—there were hunks of bread and potato peelings and apple cores and meat bones, all of it half frozen and quite unspoiled. Little Juozapas gorged him-

Continued on Page Fourteen.